A Collection of Writings

By

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CREATIVE WRITING

SHORT STORY DIVISION

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Lauderdale County

A MISSISSIPPIAN

Mississippi. Why Mississippi? I'll try to answer that for the benefit of those who have never crossed her borders, and for those who know of our state and her people by hearsay only. Hearsay is not always good, for bad news travels far and fast, and many believe what they hear without checking for the truth.

I was born in the state of Mississippi and Kemper County on October 24, 1905. I grew up here. My schooling began in a one-teacher school through the third grade. For the fourth through the eighth grades, I was in the first consolidated school in our county - Damascus Consolidated High School. The higher grades were added later as more teaching space was added.

Though principally a rural state, Mississippi is also a progressive state. The climate attracts many people and invites many businesses to settle here. There are many nice things offered to those who are interested.

Although I grew up in Kemper County, I have never lived there since I married. I now have lived in Meridian for the past 20 years, but in the interval I traveled quite a bit for a country girl and lived in a number of places.

I finished high school at Scooba Agriculture High School in 1924, and taught second and third grades in Damascus School. I also taught for one year in south Alabama.

Then came the Depression. I had various jobs, none very profitable, but jobs nonetheless, and I was glad to have them.

William Beall and I married while I was working at a bakery and a variety store. Then, since my father-in-law, Josh Beall, was elected Sheriff of Neshoba County, I worked in his office. I collected taxes, sold automobile tags and learned that I was definitely not interested in politics.

William was a deputy and the county jailer, so I spent my first three anniversaries in the jail. BUT, I had the key!

We moved out of the jail and turned over the job to H. D. Beall, my husband's brother, for we had other things to do.

William had taken the Civil Service exam for a government job with the Post Office. Philadelphia was growing and expanding, so they wanted to start house-to-house mail delivery. He got the job as the first postman in Philadelphia, and we moved into an apartment.

After a few years of pounding the streets in all kinds of weather, there was a need for expansion. Another postman was added and one replaced William, who was transferred into the Post Office as a clerk.

This lasted until "Pearl Harbor," when William enlisted in the U.S.A.F. and into the A.G.D., which was the Post Office. He found out what real postal clerks do while on duty. The mail was not only heavy, it was on the move, following the men as they were transferred from base to base. The mail had to go through.

I had a small business that I had started a few years earlier, and, since William's pay in the service dropped from a nice salary to $21.00 per month, I had to take care of myself and send him some money, also. Then I sold the business because shipping had become a problem, and I followed my husband from base to base until he went overseas.

I worked at the Bureau of Ships in Washington while he was at Fort Washington, Maryland, in Officers Training School. He was a sergeant, but thought he could do better. Therefore, he asked for the training.

When he graduated in the Class of '14, he was the Color Bearer for his class. I had the joy of standing on the sidelines just "bursting my buttons" with pride for our boys.

William was sent to Seattle, Washington, for further training, and as soon as he could get settled and find us a place to live, I resigned at the Navy Department and rode a train cross-country from Washington, D. C. to Seattle.

It was a long and tiring trip, but very interesting. It was full of G. I.'s going to or coming from one base or another. There were also some young mothers taking their new babies to see their dads before they shipped out.

We had a lovely apartment in Seattle. It was on a high bluff, five street landings above the beach of Puget Sound, facing west. We thoroughly enjoyed sitting on the lawn and watching the boats and the beautiful sunsets.

I was not content to sit at home when so many workers were needed in the War effort. After hearing the daily appeal for workers at Boeing, I decided to check on it.

I was immediately hired and was sent to a special training school for a week. My job was as a mechanic. I had to join the Union and learn how to handle the tools necessary for the jobs.

I was sent to shop #310 with Bob Turner as my "A-Man." He was to give assignments and instructions on every job on the tail section of the B-17's. I was to tie the different sections together for the riveters to follow and complete the job. The sections were brought to our "jigs" by overhead cranes and set in place for us to complete.

I continued on this job through to the last B-17 which was our 5000th plane, and we autographed it all over before it left the shop.

In the meantime William was promoted to First Lieutenant and sent to Vancouver, Washington to select twelve men for training in his crew for overseas duty. There was no way I could follow him, for living conditions were much worse there.

I did visit him twice while he was there. We stayed on the base the first time, and he managed to get a bedroom in a private home for the second visit. I enjoyed the people there, and they fell in love with me because I was southern, and they liked to hear me talk.

William's tour in Europe lasted about two years. I stayed on at Boeing until I got the message that he was coming home. We met at his mother's home in Philadelphia, visiting the families and his father's new grave. Then we were off to Miami, Florida, for R & R, which was good for both of us.

The War might have been over in Europe, but we still had the Japanese to contend with. The mail was still following the boys, so William was sent to a base in Dyersburg, Tennessee, and there he remained until V. J. Day.

I went back to Meridian, Mississippi, and became the third "war widow" at my mother's home. I got work at *J. C. Penney*'s and visited William once in Tennessee. I happened to be there on V. J. Day. The base was closed until the next day, so William was confined to the base, also. That was his last assighment, but it was December before he was released from the service. He was back at the Philadelphia Post Office for the Christmas rush.

William had been called to preach before he enlisted in the service. So after a few months at home, he felt that he should resign the Post Office and go to the Seminary to prepare himself as a pastor.

We wound up in Texas for the next twelve years. We bought rental property in Fort Worth, and later went to Denison, a city in the northern part of Texas. The Red River forms the Texas-Oklahoma boundary line, and it was only a mile from our door.

We built a church there on a weed lot - to a funeral chapel - to a small building, and were in a building program for about five years. We thought that was our home, but there was another church one year younger than ours that was having problems. The men of that church came to see William and asked him to consider coming to their rescue. To my surprise he did, and we moved to Sulphur Springs in East Texas. It was here that my life was really changed and challenged.

We had been there for a year or two when William received government papers quizzing him about a black mole that he had had removed from his wrist while in the service. That was in September. In November, he had a knot or lump appear under his left arm. It proved to be "Black Melanoma," one of the fastest, most vicious cancers known. He was gone on June 14, 1955, and was buried near Sulphur Springs.

All decisions were mine alone. What must I do? Where should I go? I knew our property in Fort Worth had been neglected during the last six months, but it would have to wait a while yet. I stayed on with the church for about a month. They were in shock. They had only had one other pastor, and this death just as they were getting things in order, was devastating. They insisted I stay. I also had business to attend to.

My mother was with me, and the men of the church arranged for a moving van in transit going east, to move my things to Mississippi. She and I loaded the car and headed for Meridian, leaving a part of me in Texas.

I remained in Meridian for about two weeks. Some of the other children were coming, so I waited until we had all visited together to head back to Fort Worth and our home - now my home.

I loaded the Olds again and headed west. It was quite differrent this time. I had a house to go to, but it couldn't be like home when it was only half full.

I did not have the least idea how long I'd remain in Texas, or if I'd ever go back to Mississippi. I just lived one day at a time.

That time became years. I worked in the office and the auditorium class at First Baptist Church, Fort Worth, and then resigned to go to the office of Monnig's Department Store. I was a biller on the NCR Billing Machines at Monnig's for over eighteen years and did little extensive traveling. I did spend a vacation with my sister, Sue, and her family in San Bernadino, California. Her husband, Dodge, was stationed there with the United States Air Force. This trip was exciting, for I flew out to Los Angeles and took the helicopter across the mountains. I saw all the orchards and gardens being watered, for we were flying very low. We had to weigh ourselves as well as our luggage, for they were very careful about the weight limit.

The next year when the Leary's had been transferred to Germany, I spent the month of July with them. I flew over and back on the Luftania because of strikes on our lines. We traveled via Peugot and a trailer designed for three, with six people and a dog. We camped at the camping places with people from all over who were coming south for the sunshine. I wrote about this trip, also, and I still enjoy reading about it. It was a marvelous trip.

As you can see, after I married, I traveled quite a bit and lived in a number of places. With the exception of a few months during the War, none of this was in Meridian. However, when I retired, I wanted to make my home here, because I am a real Mississippian, and much of my family lives in Meridian. I am proud of my state, and I always expected to come back, because my roots are here - and I like it.

Mississippi is a state with very interesting history and much to offer anyone interested in settling here.

Meridian is ideally located - almost in the east central part of the state - with a network of roads and rails and Key Field to transport people to all parts of the world.

Key Field is named for Al and Fred Key, brothers who made history when they made the famous flight twenty-seven days in the air over Key Field and Meridian. The plane "Old Miss," which established the record is in the Air Museum in Washington, D. C.

The brothers remained in the air for 653 hours and 34 minutes. That record still stands. The plane traveled 53,320 miles, used 6000 gallons of fuel and 300 gallons of oil. It is still a national story.

One not-so-famous historical figure who visited Meridian, leaving a black mark, was General Sherman. He thought that he had destroyed the city for good, but there is one landmark he left behind to show the world that he was wrong - Merrehope. Merrehope is a showplace year round and especially at Christmas when it is decked out in splendor, showing the "Trees of Christmas." Thousands tour this beautifully restored old home each year. It is owned and operated by the Federated Clubs of Meridian.

Meridian has some of the best hospitals and doctors in the state. This is also true of our schools, from Kindergarten to an affiliate of Mississippi State University.

For entertainment we have a symphony orchestra, Little Theater where wonderful plays are given, and parks and recreation for all ages. Highland Park has the antique Dentzel Carousel which can be seen and ridden. It is one of only three in the United States and is being entirely restored, a few animals at a time. The Cochran Center offers a meeting place for shows and benefits of various kinds.

Art is high on Meridian's list, and an almost continuous art show, as well as a permanent collection can be seen at the Museum. Our Library is one of the best, serving both the city and the county. Churches - there is no shortage of churches to choose from, and every so often a new one grows up where weeds and bushes once grew.

Meridian is the home of the Jimmy Rogers Festival each spring. It lasts a whole week, and celebrities from all over come to entertain people from all parts of the world. The museum and train in the park are visited almost daily and bring back many memories. Just this week much of his memorabilia has been returned to the museum from members of his family. Not only do we have Jimmy Rogers; Mississippi has Jerry Clower.

Mississippi history dates back to 1540, when Hernando DeSoto marched through in search of gold. Instead, he discovered the mighty Mississippi River. Since then seven flags have flown overhead - the flags of Spain, France, England, the United States, the Confederate States, West Florida and Mississippi.

Biloxi was the first permanent settlement. D'Iberville, a Frenchman, was the founder. He wanted to gain control of the Mississippi River and all of North America.

The original settlers were the Choctaw, Chickasaw and Natchez Indian tribes. There is a band of Choctaws near Philadelphia which has held together and prospered in spite of the many hardships caused by poverty and disease. Once a year they hold a Choctaw Fair that is second-to-none, and at present they are enjoying their new casino, "The Silver Star," a hotel and entertainment center. It is really a showplace.

Vicksburg, "The Gibraltar of the Confederacy," fell on July 14, 1863, and the fate of the Confederacy was sealed. Today the battlefield is a National Military Park visited by thousands from all over. There are monuments representing every state that took part in the battle. My grandfather was killed in the siege, and he is buried somewhere among the heroes.

Mississippi is a most interesting state, and one only has to come here, meet the people and read some of its history to realize this. Many things had their beginnings here. For instance:

First can of condensed milk, produced in Liberty by Gail Borden-
First Decoration Day - May 30, 1968, in Columbus-
Birthplace of the Order of the Eastern Star-
Number one tree farm since 1955-
First in nation to adopt Homestead Exemption law-
First nuclear submaraine built in the south-
Origin of the 4-H Club Movement-
First State College for Women - March 12, 1884, in Columbus-
First state to have a planned system of Junior Colleges-
First paper made from yellow pine in Moss Point-
First Coca-Cola bottled in Vicksburg-

Now my traveling is about over. I am well planted in Mississippi, but I still love Texas and her people. You see, I left a part of me in Texas, but I grew up in this Mississippi mud.

Come to see us sometime. You'll like us. Our weather is fine year round most of the time. To prove I'm a real Mississippian, I'll share my "Red Jew" and my big purple iris, the "William Setchel," with you. The Red Jew was used to landscape the San Antonio World's Fair grounds, and I just had to have some. The iris was the big blue one that always got a blue ribbon. Of course I had to bring some of each back to Mississippi with me, so I "dug 'em up" and potted them until I could find a place to plant them, nearly twenty years ago, and now they, too, are Mississippians.

ELECTION DAY

You've had your say.
Success? Defeat?
This is the day
The voters meet.

They have the right
To tell the tale -
Whether you win, or
Whether you fail.

The time is now;
All has been done.
Let's tally up,
And see who's won.

Lest you forget,
It's up to you
To do what we
Expect of you.

- - Nannie Beall - -

THE RIVER QUEEN

The mighty Mississippi and all its mud
Overflows and causes many a flood.
It causes destruction in every way,
But for each of us it's a price to pay.

It carries ships upon its breast;
It is laden with rafts, even at crest.
Though sometimes its channels are very low,
Even then some things just must go.

"Old Man River" is a name we treasure;
It is laden with labor, but also pleasure.
The paddle wheels with their gaiety and fun
Ply the waters, even with races to run.

Not everyone can afford an excursion;
They come from all over to enjoy this version.
The music, the dancing and gambling, too,
Bring pleasure to many - even you.

The ships hold memories of many a trip -
Maybe a honeymoon or new courtship.
This "Queen" may not sail the sea,
But on "The Old Mississippi" it's enough for me.

- - Nannie W. Beall - -

INVENTIONS

Inventions, inventions, what's
the deal?
Just think what we'd do without
the wheel.
The wagons, buggies and now cars
Much, much more - there are
no bars.
Some are for business, some are
for toys
But after all - they supply our
joys.
Not all inventions are a marked
success
But nevertheless, they are linked
with the rest.
No one laughs at your dreams,
But instead, they encourage you
in your schemes.
There are many growing up today
Who need encouragement along the
way.
Think of the T.V. - my, what an
invention
Without it you'd miss many a
convention
Think of the farmers with fields
of hay,
The mighty harvesters saved their
day.
You don't have to be rich, or have
a degree
Just get up and G-I-T, nothing
is free.
Life is a challenge, indentify
the need
Then go ahead - at full speed.
Along the way there will be
mistakes
Just admit them, make changes,
that's what it takes.
Sure, there are dollars in great
inventions that go
But research, development and
errors take lots of dough.
Some inventions may be only
a beginning
For someone else to take the
ball and keep running.
The richest spots on this earth
are passed by many each day.
They are filled with memories
for those who pass that way.
But no, our cemeteries are
filled with much, much more
Good inventions, so many had
in store
They never ventured, never tried
Had many good ideas, but none
applied.
They meant to do it, one of these
days,
But time ran out - left in a
daze.
If they could return, what would they say?
I'm sure they would have played
the game another way.
Get up and go - try - it's a
pleasure.
Don't bury your talent
Leave us something to treasure.

N. Beall
June 1995

Blue Ribbon

CREATIVE WRITING CONTEST (SHORT STORY)

NANNIE BEALL
AGE 90

MAGNOLIA HOMEMAKER CLUB

1996

LAUDERDALE COUNTY

I AUTOGRAPHED "5" GRAND

by

Nannie Beall

It is not unusual to see a special airplane with a pet name boldly painted on either side of its nose, but "5 Grand" was a pet plane with lots and lots of names. Autographs in paints of every color, lacquer, lipstick, and anything that they could write with. It was a smeared sight to be seen, but WE had built it, "5 GRAND," and it was special to us. This is a true story that happened a long time ago and I was a part of it--fifty years ago.

Fifty years ago!!

What memories this brings back to each and every family in the good old U.S.A.

Of course, we all remember the job of the announcements we heard coming over the radio. Even where we were and what we were doing. The end of the European Conflict. Victory!! Our boys will be coming home!!

The beginning stands out in my memory more than the end for we still had the Japanese to contend with any my husband, being in the AGD, had to stay on and keep the mail going through--following the boys from camp to camp as they were moving out, heading for home and families.

The beginning for us meant total upset of our lives. My husband worked in the post office at Philadelphia, Mississippi and I had a small business that was growing and doing well. Then--Pearl Harbor!!

William Beall did not wait to be called. He volunteered. He was sent to Jefferson Barrocks, St. Louis, Missouri. Then the paycheck was $21 per month, but when he got his first check there were several deductions and he was left with less than $10 for the month. Far from the amount he had been accustomed to from the post office, and, by the way, he was still working the mail on a much larger scale than what he had been doing. I had to send him money.

I stayed on and supported myself and helped out in bond drives and whatever anyone could do. In one bond drive I donated a pair of nylon hose to be auctioned. I had the only nylons left in town. Someone paid $125 for bonds to win that pair of hose. Then, I had a run on what I had left in the store.

As the war progressed the railroads were busy with war transportation and it was hard to get orders shipped in so I sold out and went with William cross-country from Missouri to Washington, D.C. where he was being sent to Fort Washington, MD to Officers Candidate School.

When we reached Washington we were met and processed for our needs. Of course, he was taken care of, but I needed a place to live and some kind of a job.

I was placed in a private home at 1820 Newton N.W., and since I could type I was placed in a pool in the Bureau of Ships in the Navy Department for assignment.

During the time for his Class No. 14 at the Adjutant Generals School (TAGs) January 16 to April 6, 1943, he was pretty well confined to the base. He did get leave for a short week-end twice, and since my landlady, Mrs. Soper, was very generous with her home and her GI's, she let us use her kitchen.

One week-end I prepared a fried chicken dinner and when the Sopers came in from work that night they were surprised to find all the dishes washed and their supper waiting in the oven. We were upstairs listening for them. They had dreaded to come home to a full sink and supper to cook, but tears of joy filled their eyes when we met them in the kitchen and we all had a good visit together as they enjoyed their dinner.

My job in the Bureau of Ships was handling all the papers on the many ships, carriers, and P.T.'s in the navy. We kept an office file on everything that came through our office and if we didn't have an extra copy to keep, I made one.

Our offices were the temporary buildings--barrack like (on the grounds surrounding the Washington Monument quite a way from the central office) and it was imperative that we have all information possible at our fingertips immediately.

The most memorable ship I handled was the carrier "Enterprise." It had been badly wounded in the South Pacific and was being returned to Bremerton, Washington for repairs. There was a massive hole completely through the bow, but it could travel under its own power.

With the blueprints on file, the Navy Yard Bremerton had the complete bow ready for assembly when it arrived. I'll tell the end of this later.

When William graduated he was the color bearer for Class 14 and I was standing on the side lines bursting my buttons with pride and wishing some of his family could be with us there.

He was sent to Fort Lawton in Seattle, Washington for further training and assignments. We were afraid he was headed for South Pacific but were relieved that it was the European Theater where it was cooler.

I resigned at the Bureau of Ships and followed William to Seattle in June. He had us a lovely apartment near the base and he could live out for the time being.

When I arrived in Seattle I had time on my hands and the news on the radio was Boeing constantly calling for workers. I knew I did not know how to build a plane, but that surely I

could do something if they would show me how.

I went down and was hired immediately and sent to a training school for a week to learn how to handle the tools needed for a mechanic and all the noise that went with it. Mechanic, yes, I was now a mechanic, not "Rosie the Riveter." I learned how to use the electric drill and a hacksaw with either hand.

When William came in from work we liked to sit out on the lawn and watch the beautiful sunsets and all the activity on Puget Sound. Our place was on a bluff overlooking the sound and Bremerton was just across the sound. We were about five street levels above the beach.

One evening, as we were enjoying the scenery, I looked up and saw a large ship slowly coming down our way. I was real excited for I recognized it as the "Enterprise," the aircraft carrier that had been wounded in the South Pacific. I shouted "THE ENTERPRISE!"

William asked how I knew it was that particular carrier.

I told him the story of the hole we could see as it passed us and that the front section was just waiting in Bremerton for its arrival and repair job.

The newspapers verified my story and showed pictures of it that night. I really felt good when I saw something that I had a special part in.

William was sent to Van Couver, Washington for the final training of the twelve men he was to take overseas as his postal unit. He was also promoted to First Lieutenant.

I stayed on at the apartment and Boeing's and visited him twice in Van Couver, but housing was worse than in Seattle and a bed in a private home was booked weeks in advance.

He visited me in Seattle once and he was wearing a bandage on his left arm. He did not let on to me that it amounted to much, but it was a black mole that his shirt irritated and he knew from family experience that it should be removed. He was not told what the report was, but he knew that it could be a cancer and did not want to take any chances going overseas, and so far away from our home doctors. The verdict, we found out later, showed that it was malignant at that time. Black Melanoma.

Soon he was shipped to England to wait for orders to cross over. All the while the mail had to be taken care of. The forwarding was a constant chore and they tried to keep it moving.

Then "D Day"--I turned on the radio first thing every morning as I prepared to go to work, and at last--WHAM!! The Day had arrived! From his letters I knew he was on the alert. He was not in the "D Day" movement, but followed shortly with mail for those who had gone on and cleared a way for them.

Mail Call -- no, **M A I L C A L L**! was very special and sometimes there would be a bundle for some and some would be so disappointed when their name was not called. They tried to follow as closely as they could so there would be no more delay than possible.

Meantime, back at Boeing I was checking in every day and some overtime, helping all I could. My job was frame work, the first thing done in the shop. This was the skeleton of the plane.

The framing was assembled in sections some other place and brought to our shop by overhead cranes and set in place in the "jig," the permanent place in all the shops for every section of the plane. My shop was 310 and we had about five jigs for the tail section.

There was a bulkhead ring that was the dividing feature of front and back of all sections. This tied them together later. This ring was bolted very tightly to the jig and each section of framing was set in place and fitted properly and the mechanics had to tie these sections together with splices. Every stringer, or rib, had to be spliced with special matching pieces of framing, fitted and four holes drilled up for the riveters to come and complete the job thus far. Then the mechanic completed drilling all the holes and they were then riveted and the frame was completed, inspected and made ready for the skins to be fitted.

I don't know how many planes I helped build but so much of our work was precision work--no room for a sloppy job. We began to have trouble with skins cut by the night crew--some too short and had to be trashed or not short enough and had to be filed down. Our crews were very unhappy when they had to file the skins for every plane the night crew left for us to finish.

Our foremen were so disturbed, they thought something was wrong with our markers. We had no problems, so we knew it was not our guides to mark by, but the ones doing the marking. I took our marker and scribe and showed just how they were holding the scribe against the marker that caused it to be cut short and the proper position for a perfect line. I was given the marker on the day shift and about all I had to do was go from jig to jig and mark all skins in our shop. We had no more problems with that when they knew how to correct it.

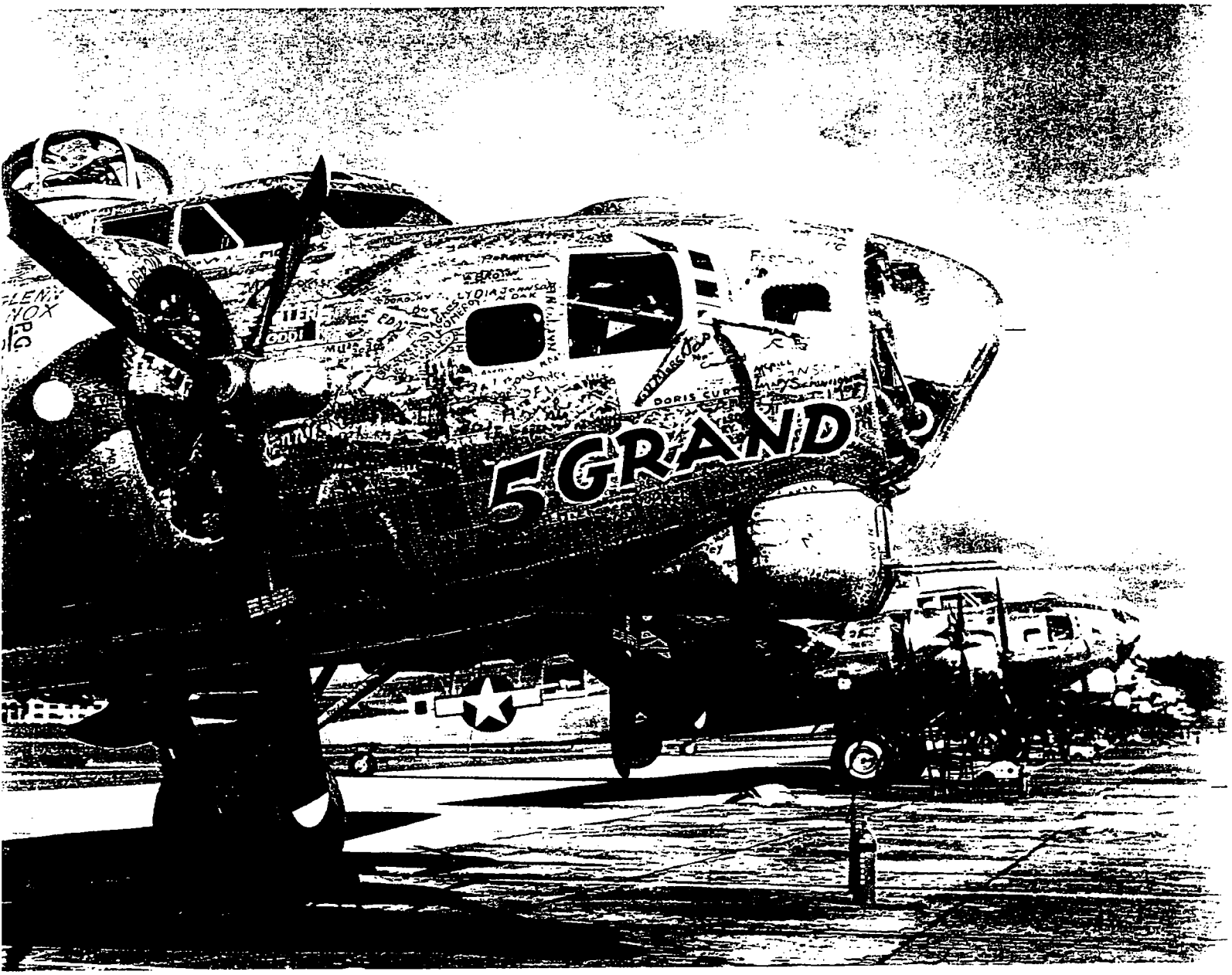
When we got to the five thousandth B17 we were all thrilled and pictures of every section was made every step of the way. It was special and they let us autograph our sections in every shop.

When it was completed, instead of it being towed out by tractor to the apron as usual, the night shift pushed it out with their own hands.

My autograph was in a special place--on either side of the dome light on the tail fin. "Hi, Wm" and "Nannie" underneath it. I wrote William where to look for it, but he never got to see the plane, but heard about it.

WINGED MAJESTY

THE BOEING B-17 FLYING FORTRESS IN WAR AND PEACE

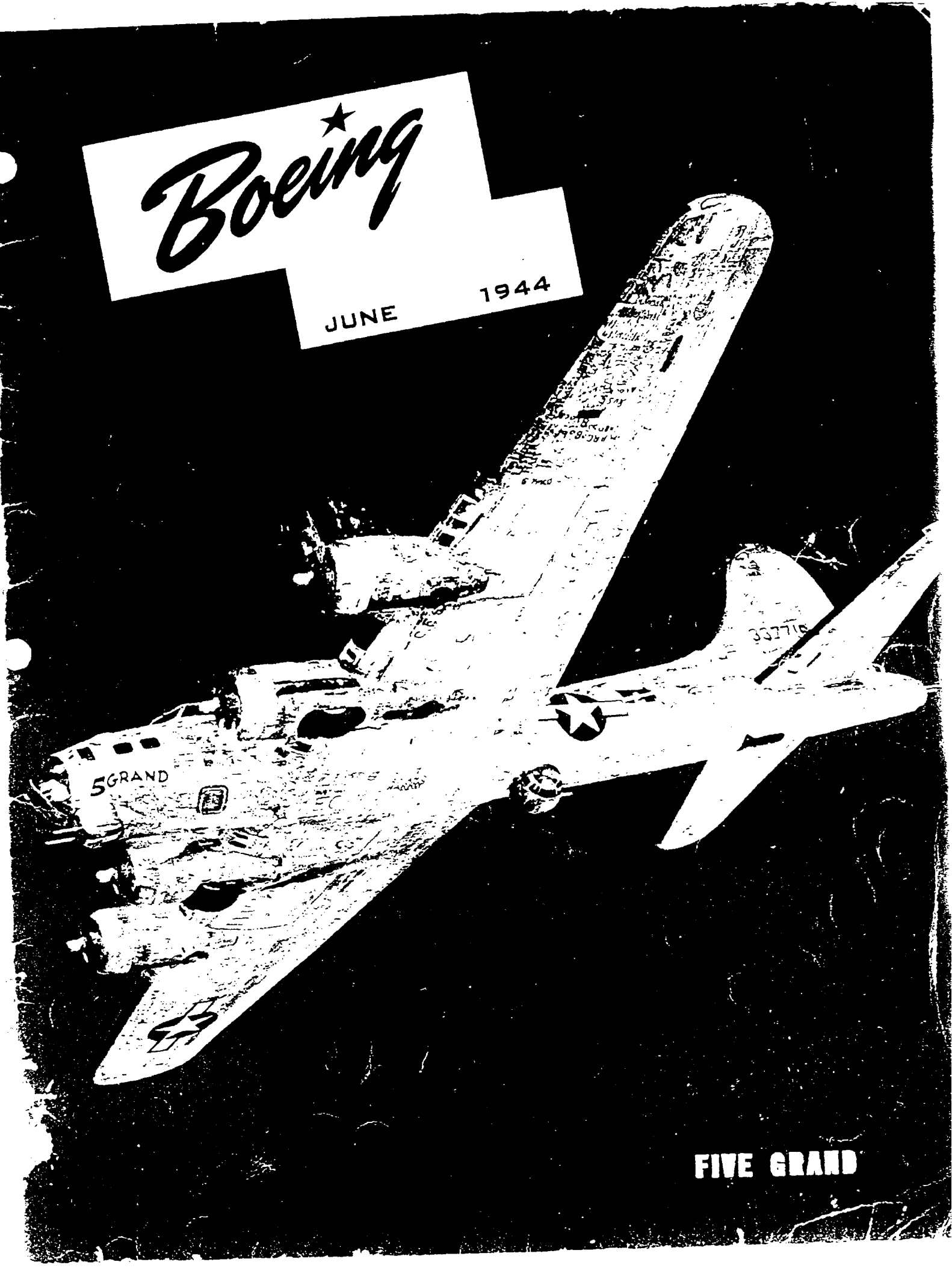


...ted by: Frederick A. Johnsen

Written by: Steve Birdsall
Peter M. Bowers
Walter J. Boyne
Jim Farmer
Chuck Hansen
Frederick A. Johnsen

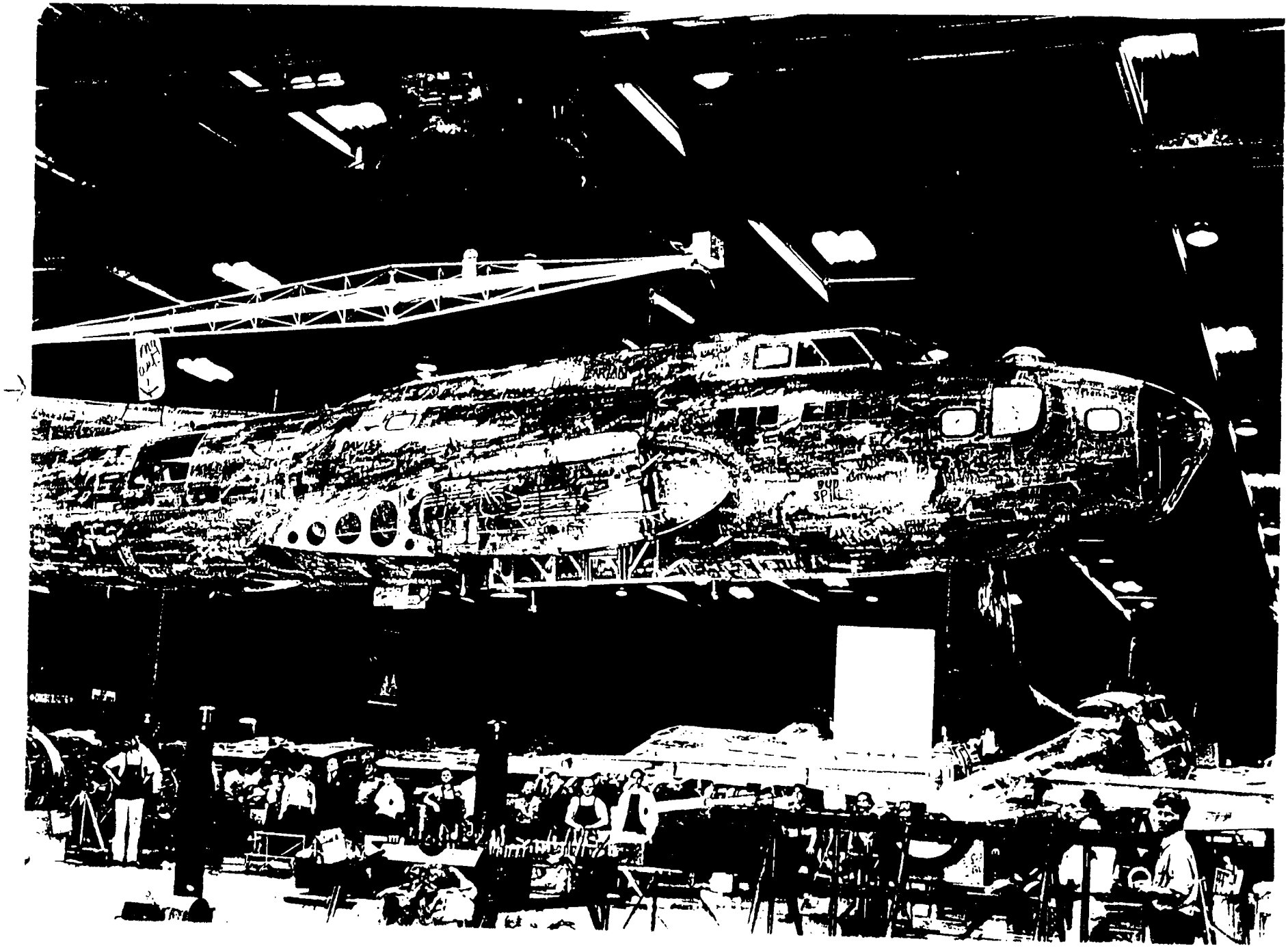
Boeing

JUNE 1944



FIVE GRAND

"Five Grand," the 5,000th Boeing-built Flying Fortress since Pearl Harbor



"Five Grand," the 5,000th Boeing-built Flying Fortress since Pearl Harbor

It was wounded on its first flight but "FIVE GRAND" withstood the crash well enough to warrant repair and return to flight status. She flew a total of 78 missions in the company of her sister B17's. During her tour of duty two Luftwoffe fighters fell before the weapons of her gunners. The only crewman injured was from flack when it broke the plexiglass nose and was shattered by German flack.

Soon the change over from the B17's to the B29's was made. Much work had to be done throughout the shops for the 29's were much larger and heavier and that called for much flooring to be reinforced.

We had to appear busy much of the time--sometimes being sent up the line to work in another plane while they prepared our shop. I worked in the nose section for I was small and could get into close places.

When the time came to start on the B29's and they lowered the bulkhead ring in our jig, I was the girl waiting to tighten every bolt on it.

There was much more to do to the B29's that was not needed for the B17's. The B29's had to be airtight. There were three-inch wide stringers (ribs) along each side and on the top and bottom with narrow ones between.

The skins really had to fit on these for they were "butt fit" down the center of these three-inch stringers. After the skins were fitted, marked and cut, they were spot drilled. Then removed, cleaned of all drill fragments, etc., and when they were put back on for final riveting the three-inch stringers were covered with a three-inch strip of chromate tape--sticky on both sides, thus sealing it when the skins were replaced. Everything was precision work and had to be inspected and passed on by the foreman before proceeding further.

This is where I came in again with the markers and marking the skins for the cutters. These skins were also thicker than the B17 skins and much harder to file down. No one had to file a skin fitted and cut on the day shift.

When I got the news that William was headed for the states I resigned and came back to Mississippi and went with him to Miami, Florida for rest and recreation.

He was still not to be released for the mail was also traveling, trying to catch up with soldiers on the move. He was sent to Dyersburg, Tennessee and there remained for the duration. He was there for "V.J. Day" and there was much excitement on the base and in the city, but all personnel were confined to the base until the next day.

He finally got back to Mississippi and Camp Shelby for discharge in time to get back to the post office in Philadelphia for the Christmas mail rush.

I would not want to cover these years again, but am proud of the part we both played in

the war effort to help win on both fronts and bring our boys home to their families and friends.

We had seen many changes in our country and at home. Many faces were missing. William came home to a newly made grave of his father.

We, too, had changed but were able to pick up the threads and weave a new life that also holds many memories for us and our families.

Let's keep Old Glory flying high!

INVENTIONS

Inventions, inventions, what's
the deal?
Just think what we'd do without
the wheel.
The wagons, buggies and now cars
Much, much more - there are
no bars.
Some are for business, some are
for toys
But after all - they supply our
joys.
Not all inventions are a marked
success
But nevertheless, they are linked
with the rest.
No one laughs at your dreams,
But instead, they encourage you
in your schemes.
There are many growing up today
Who need encouragement along the
way.
Think of the T.V. - my, what an
invention
Without it you'd miss many a
convention
Think of the farmers with fields
of hay,
The mighty harvesters saved their
day.
You don't have to be rich, or have
a degree
Just get up and G-I-T, nothing
is free.
Life is a challenge, indentify
the need
Then go ahead - at full speed.
Along the way there will be
mistakes
Just admit them, make changes,
that's what it takes.
Sure, there are dollars in great
inventions that go
But research, development and
errors take lots of dough.
Some inventions may be only
a beginning
For someone else to take the
ball and keep running.
The richest spots on this earth
are passed by many each day.
They are filled with memories
for those who pass that way.
But no, our cemeteries are
filled with much, much more
Good inventions, so many had
in store
They never ventured, never tried
Had many good ideas, but none
applied.
They meant to do it, one of these
days,
But time ran out - left in a
daze.
If they could return, what would they say?
I'm sure they would have played
the game another way.
Get up and go - try - it's a
pleasure.
Don't bury your talent
Leave us something to treasure.

N. Beall
June 1995

Certificate of Achievement

presented to

NANNIE BEALL

by

Mississippi Homemaker Volunteers, Inc.

in cooperation with

Mississippi Cooperative Extension Service

for

Reading Merit
Participation Merit:
County Vegetable Show - County Christmas Decoration Contest
County/State Creative Writing Contest - State 1st Place Short Story & Poem
State Overall Creative Writing Award

Extension Director

Jeanette Erhart
County President

Raygene C. Paige
State Program Leader, Family & Consumer Education

Sharon S. Buster
County Home Economist

1996

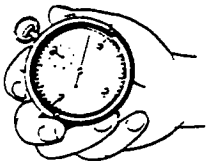
Form 985 (1-96)

COOPERATIVE EXTENSION SERVICE Mississippi State University

MISSISSIPPI HOMEMAKER VOLUNTEERS NEWSLETTER

June 17, 1996

Dear Homemaker:



Time has really gone by quickly again this year!

I've decided though what I have heard through the years is really true. "The older one gets the faster time passes." At least I am going to believe this is why time gets away from me so quickly.

Even so, this "past-fast" year has been a good one.

With each month comes new opportunities and with the summer months come opportunities galore to strengthen family ties and friendships, which we encourage you to do.

Remember, as you think and plan for the months ahead "Nothing is impossible to a willing heart."

***

Speaking of willing hearts...we had ten very "willing" Homemakers to attend this year's State Homemaker Council:

Bertha Mae Wiley, Edna Manley, Glenda Darley, Helen Waters, Jeane Jones, Judy Hines, Judy Harwell, Pauline Dunn, Renee Weiler and Rose Marie Cullum.

They attended several educational workshops, heard some outstanding speakers, shared experiences and laughed a lot.

CONGRATULATIONS! CONGRATULATIONS!

Seven of our Homemakers were recognized individually for their accomplishments at the Awards Program on Wednesday:

Caroline Wilson won First Place in the Hand Stitchery Class E with her Plastic Canvas Kleenex Box Cover.

Gloria Hughes won Third Place in the Quilting Class G with her Pieced Quilt.

Jeane Jones won First Place in the Quilting Class H with her Quilted Wall Hanging.

Elouise Ethridge won Second Place in the Creative Crafts Class I with her hand woven Chair Bottom.

Judy Hines won Second Place in the Creative Apparel and Accessories Class K with her Appliqued T-Shirt.

Nannie Beall won First Place with her Short Story "Five Grand" and her poem "Inventions." Plus, she received the OVERALL SWEEP-STAKES AWARD ribbon in the Creative Writing Contest.

Renee Weiler won First Place honors in the Home Environment Contest.

Mississippi State University, United States Department of Agriculture, Counties Cooperating
Mississippi State University does not discriminate on the basis of race, color, religion, national origin, sex, age, disability, or veteran status. Form 973

Shannon W. Lucid:
It's Been a Long, Long Journey

Shannon Lucid (NASA photograph)

Nannie W. Beall

SHANNON WELLS LUCID: A LONG, LONG JOURNEY

We all dream of meeting someone special or telling about someone special we met in the past. Well, I knew the father of one of the most special women of our time - Shannon Wells Lucid, Mission Specialist on the Russian Mir. She was in space for 150 days longer than any other American has been.

My knowledge of her family goes back quite a few years. She is 53, and she was not even born when I first met her father. In fact, he was a student in the Seminary in Fort Worth, Texas. He graduated in 1940, one of only three graduates in that first class - John Birch, Oscar Wells and Ralph Van Northwick, who later became a local pastor.

This seminary was headed by the fiery J. Frank Norris, pastor of both First Baptist, Fort Worth, and Temple Baptist, Detroit. He was interested in the work of missionaries in China. Dr. Fred Donnelson and his family were supported by these two churches.

At this time the Japanese were trying to pulverize Hangchow. Dr. Sweet and his wife, Mother Sweet, were missionaries to China and had been there for years. When Dr. Norris read a letter from the Donnelson's telling of the soul-winning in China (even in the refugee camps), he and others were most interested in doing what they could to help. Dr. Sweet had gone to be with the Lord in 1917, leaving Mother Sweet to carry on as "Mother" to a girl's school and dormitory. Now Mother Sweet was 75 and mighty feeble. The need was great.

Dr. Norris appealed to the congregation for some red-blooded young man who loved God and would be willing to go help these dear saints. "Is there one who will go, even though he might be killed by a Japanese bomb or worse?"

John Birch was John Morrison Birch, named for an English missionary linguist who had translated the Bible into the major Chinese language. He was interested in going to China. John had been preaching in the churches in Fort Worth, including First Baptist, while in school, and Oscar Wells, his roommate, had a regular church in Monohans, Texas.

After they heard of the situation in China and considered their interesting connection, they began praying for leadership. They were graduating and ready to go to some mission field. John and Oscar went to Dr. Norris and said, "We want to get going." And, their destination was China.

Since they had chosen China for their mission field, they collected, studied and learned all they could about the nation and its people.

John Birch was barely 22, and Oscar Wells was only two years older when they boarded the Japanese freighter S.S. Nagasaki in Seattle. They were met in China by Dr. Fred Donnelson, with whom they had been corresponding. He was so glad to see them. He had some help at last.

They were first taken to the church. "We use part of it for Bible School and part for living quarters." Then Dr. Donnelson introduced them to his family, Mother Sweet and her long-time partner, Margaret Fitzgerald. They were briefed on the news and shown about some of the Chinese countryside. Then they began the difficult task of learning the Chinese language.

They were both very busy boys; they had so much to see and do and learn. In addition to struggling with the language, Oscar was directing the Bible School in Shanghai that had been started by Dr. Donnelson. There he met a young Christian Reformed Church missionary named Myrtle. Oscar told John that he intended to immerse her, and he did. He also later married her. (I'll get back to this later.)

John Birch did not have time for girls at this time;. His thoughts were at Birchwood, his home near Macon, Georgia, 10,000 miles away. For the first time he would not spend Thanksgiving with his family.

John was a key man after the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor. At that time the U. S. was in fulltime conflict with Japanese. John could speak the language, and with his body type and stature he could easily pass for a Chinese. When Jimmy Doolittle came on the scene John was contacted, secretly led to a boat and announced mysteriously, "Americans."

He said, "Any Americans in there?"

Silence. Then a muffled voice said, "No Japanese could make up an accent like that."

When the door opened John entered the dark hold. It was hard to believe what he saw - five overgrown American flyers stuffed into that little space. He could only stammer, "Wha-what? Who? How?"

The commanding officer gave him a little mock salute and introduced himself, "Colonel James H. Doolittle, United States Army Air Force. The boys and I just delivered a little present to Tojo, and we're having a bit of trouble getting back home."

Jimmy Doolittle! John recognized the name and knew of some of his experiences. Recovering, John stammered, "I-I'm John Birch, a Baptist missionary."

Missionary or whatever - they were glad to see him, and introductions were made.

"You really bombed Tokyo?" John managed to get the question out.

"It was a secret mission, and we can't talk much, except that we bombed Japan and had no place to land."

They needed help - instructions and guidance - for they were not in a very safe location. They needed to reach Chungking. They questioned John, who would pass for a Chinese coolie, and Doolittle mulled over the information. John arranged for hospitality and an escort to an airfield so they could fly to Chungking. Then, "It's all taken care of, Colonel," he assured the famous pilot. "Maybe I'll see you in Chungking."

This has been a long round-about journey back to the story of an astronaut, but the preceding information was necessary for you to know the background which leads up to it. Much has been left out, but the most important parts that they played are here.

In the meantime, back to Oscar and Myrtle.

Not long after their wedding the Wells' and the Donnelson's were in the custody of the Japanese. Without money and calling on Dr. Norris for help, Oscar and Myrtle worked back and forth with John from Hangchow to Shanghai and into a Japanese prison camp. They were sent back to the States via the *Gripsholm*, but their hearts were still in China.

They later returned to China and the work that they had left behind. John had continued in the work, preaching to the servicemen and to the Chinese. He also worked in secret with our men because he could easily pass as a native Chinese when he dressed in their clothes, dyed his hair and spoke in a Chinese dialect.

John Birch, the missionary, later died at the hand of the Chinese Communists. After years of service he was shot in the leg and later bayonetted beyond recognition

Little Shannon was born in Shanghai in 1943, and in six weeks the family was placed in a Japanese prison camp along with the Donnelson's. They were rescued in exchange for Japanese

prisoners a year later at sea. Shannon learned to walk aboard the ship, and she wore her first shoes when they reached Johannesburg, South Africa.

When things quieted down in China the Wells' prepared for a return trip, to stay as long as the Lord would lead. Here Shannon spent her early years, learning to speak both English and Chinese fluently.

The work in China kept them on the move so much that Shannon had a problem when they lived in one place for too long. She would say, "When are we going to move?" She has spoke little about her schooling, but from the results we can see that she was adventurous and wanted to go places and do things.

When the family left China, Shannon grew up in Bethany, Oklahoma. She received her degree in chemistry from the University of Oklahoma in 1963 and Master of Science and Doctor of Philosophy degrees in biochemistry in 1970 and 1973, respectively. Dr. Lucid's experience includes a variety of academic assignments, including work as a chemist at Kerr-McGee and as a research associate with the Oklahoma Medical Research Foundation in Oklahoma City.

She is a commercial instrument and multi-engine rated pilot. Since becoming an astronaut in 1979, she has served as Chief of Mission Support and Chief of Astronaut Appearances. A veteran of four space flights, Lucid served as a mission specialist aboard STS-51G, STS-34, STS-43 and STS-58. STS-76 was Dr. Lucid's fifth Space Shuttle flight. She was to remain aboard the Mir Space Station for a planned 188 days as a member of the Mir-21 an Mir-22 expeditions. All this, and she is only one person with a husband and three grown children, ages 20-27. She lived 250 miles from home - straight up - with two cosmonauts on Mir, the Russian Space Station.

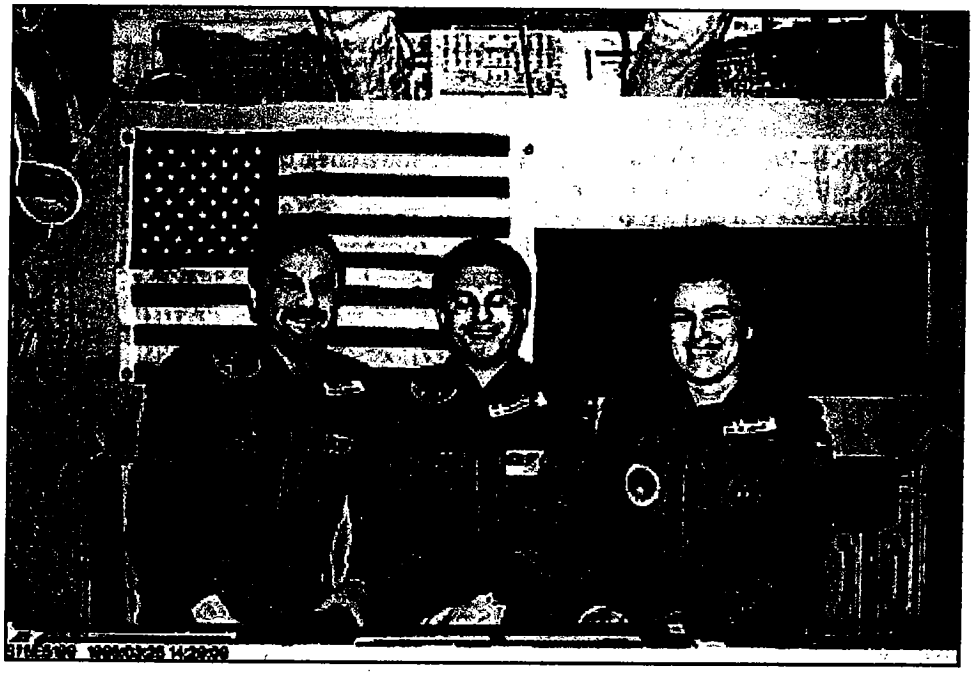
Lucid has become an expert on maintaining long distance relationships. NASA allowed her daily e-mail contact with her family and weekly phone or videoconference chats - something special. The ability to keep in touch daily helped ease the loneliness and also reminded the family to keep the grass watered and mowed. She spent time "watching the Earth roll by day after day and thinking of all the places I'd love to see."

Before boarding the Mir she spent quite some time in training in Russia, and her husband used up all his vacation time to be with her. If she wants to travel she has vacation time coming, but his has been spent. After speeding through space at 17,500 miles per hour, one would think it time to just sit and read for a spell and "sleep in." I'm sure the family would be happy to have her just "be there" for a while and call her *Mama* in person.

Her father sent me a special picture with all the above information on her accomplishments. He is up in years, but he is still doing mission work to the Chinese. He wrote to me that he broadcasts sermons into China daily, both in English and in Chinese. He also sends thousands of Bibles in their language. He is in his 80's and still doing mission work.

Shannon Wells Lucid has reached the highest pinnacle of success, a woman with a divinely-ordered destiny, 250 miles above the planet Earth, over 60 million miles, going where no woman had ever gone before.

For Shannon Lucid it was a long way from a Japanese concentration camp in Shanghai, China.



This image, recorded with an electronic still camera and later downlinked to flight controllers in Houston, shows Shannon with mission commander Yuriy I. Onufrienko (center) and flight engineer Yuriy V. Usachov in the Mir-21 module. Shannon hopes to share Russian Bibles and her faith with her crewmates.

FOR POETRY LOVERS

PRESCRIPTION FOR YOUR NEED

Mrs. Clara S. Fisher

Though you may view your work in tears,
And count it all in vain,
Psalm One two-six will calm your fears,
And make you sing again.

Though darkness shuts you in like night,
You need not go astray;
John 8:12 tells about a Light
That turns your night to day.

Are you restless, ever restless,
Like the billows of the sea?
There is perfect peace and quiet
In Isaiah Two-six, three.

When assailed by foes unnumbered,
And you know not what to do,
Flee, O flee to David's Fortress
Named in Psalm Eighteen, verse 2.

When you're sick, be not discouraged,
Though no earthly help is nigh;
In James Five you'll find a Healer
Who can hear your faintest cry.

If there's little in your purse,
(Or maybe nothing, which is worse!)
Your God will help you in your need,
Psalm 37 find and read.

If those around you seem unkind,
In John 15 your help you'll find,
So read of Christ, the Friend for aye;
For He is with you every day.

Are you needing food and raiment?
Are you poor as poor can be?
Take, ACCORDING TO DIRECTIONS,
Matthew 6, verse 33.

Have you lost your faith in people,
In yourself, and everything?
Take Mark 'leven, two and twenty,
It will make you shout and sing.

Are there strange, conflicting signboards?
All along your upward way?
Take John 10, verse 27,
And you cannot go astray.

When death has claimed your loved ones,
And you are torn with grief
I Thessalonians 4 helps,
And gives one great relief.

Do you often feel unhappy?
There's a safe and certain cure,
Found in Proverbs 16:20,
That will happiness insure.

Are you starting on a journey?
Does your heart sink with dismay?
Proverbs 3, verse 6 can strengthen,
And direct you all the way.

When you are growing faint in heart,
And would a tonic find,
Psalm 27 can impart
New strength to heart and mind.

Are you oft inclined to worry?
Have you more than you can bear?
In I Peter 5, verse 7,
There's a balm for every care.

IT ISN'T ENOUGH

Lonnie Swann

It isn't enough to refrain from wrong,
To go to church and sing a song,
To teach a class for one hour long.
It isn't enough only to pay your tithe,
To say you've given your all and lie;
To say, "I'll go," and then remain
Is no better than the sinner, in fact, the same.
It isn't enough to hear God speak,
Then turn a deaf ear and another way seek.
It isn't enough until the task is won,
Until God speaks, "Tis enough, well done."
For only he that "endureth to the end,"
His heavenly home to dwell therein.

"...AND THE WALL CAME DOWN..."

by

Nannie W. Beall

MICHAEL LEARY AT THE BERLIN WALL
10 SEPTEMBER, 1990

"But now in Christ Jesus you who formerly were far off have been brought near by the blood of Christ. For he Himself is our peace, who made both groups into one, and *broke down the barrier of the dividing wall*...for through Him we both have our access in one Spirit to the Father."

(Ephesians 2: 13, 14, 18)

Michael Leary at the Berlin Wall
10 September, 1990

"But now in Christ Jesus you who formerly were far off have been brought near by the blood of Christ. For He Himself is our peace, who made both groups into one, and *broke down the barrier of the dividing wall...* for through Him we both have our access in one Spirit to the Father."
(Ephesians 2:13,14,18)

"...AND THE WALL CAME DOWN"

War is a terrible thing. It is "supposed to" settle differences between nations where authority, possessions and boundaries are concerned, but does it really?

Look at our own United States of America. We are a nation of many nationalities at peace today. Yet, there are still many differences and divisions. Our national cemeteries contain countless heroes who gave their lives for this country. There is also still a North and a South. We see evidence of this in the burial grounds at Natchez, in the Confederate cemeteries, and at the shrines and statues of our heroes.

War is destructive. It leaves a path of mass destruction in its wake that mars the countryside. It is true that we have not had to endure the tragedy of war on our own soil for over 100 years, but the old scars remain. We have joined forces with other countries to defend ourselves from enemies on foreign soil. Many of these scars were internalized and brought home unseen.

Why, even when we are at peace disturbances reach us any time we turn on the television set. We never know how close we are to some crisis, and there is turmoil somewhere in the world everyday. Look at Cuba - a small nation, our neighbor - yet we are not neighborly. Who is at fault? Would a war settle our differences? That is what some parts of the world would like to see. God forbid!

In this the 20th century we have been involved in World War I and World War II. I remember them both. We did not start World War I, nor were we involved in it until we were drawn in by the attacks of a German submarine on commercial ships at sea. The sub sank the *Lusitania* in 1915 with 128 Americans aboard. The Germans also tried to entice Mexico into an anti-United States alliance.

In the third year of World War I, Russia was in tatters. Battered by German bread riots and other forms of hostility, Czar Nicholas II abdicated in March, 1917. Then Congress declared war in April, 1917. In May of that year my half-brother left home for training at Camp Shelby. Later that month he was shipped out to Germany. By the spring of 1918, four million fresh U. S. troops were "over there" helping to bring Germany to the peace table, exhausted and worn.

Then came Lenin like a dread disease, in a closed train with his cadre of communists riding through Switzerland and Germany into Finland, in hopes of taking power. POWER is what the war lords wanted more than anything, regardless of expense or lives lost. Lenin's Union of Soviet Socialist Republics became the Marxist revolution, and its conflict with the democracies of the West helped to shape the century.

With World War II came a new scourge - Hitler. Who was Hitler? How did this Austrian without title or position become the head of the German nation? Was it the endlessly desperate economic condition of Germany? Was he all they had to offer?

Adolph Hitler was born in Austria on April 20, 1889. His force was shaped by destiny - an unhappy childhood, disappointments, a combat wound in World War I, a taste for popularity, a lack of scruples, and his hatred of the Jews, whose survival enraged him. He moved to Germany when he was 24 years old.

Hitler was a product of World War I and the Treaty of Versailles which he hated because it limited the German army to 100,000 men. When the war ended he was 29, an Austrian Corporal in a Berlin hospital, partially blinded by mustard gas and raging at the nation's defeat. He became a member of the German Labor Party and made speeches which denounced the Bolsheviks, the Jews and the French. In 1923 he organized the "Beer-Hall *Putch*," was arrested, tried and served nine months in prison where he began writing his book, ***Mein Kampf*** in 1924. He formed the National Socialist Party, and when it won the elections in 1932, Hitler was in power. There was opposition, but it was too feeble and too late. Those in authority and leadership roles supported him. He was their hero.

In January of 1933 he became Chancellor of Germany and began building his "Third Reich." All political parties were banned; books were banned and burned in the streets; Jews were barred from public office and civil service. Thomas Mann, Albert Einstein and Walter Gropius left the country. Hitler was preparing the nation for war and the "Final Solution" to the "Jewish problem." (HORROR OF HORRORS!)

Hitler was haunted by the events of Versailles, and he wanted revenge. He had little opposition, and in 1938 he formed an alliance with Italy's Benito Mussolini, launching a war against the Austrian government which resulted in the unification of Germany and Austria. In 1939 Germany invaded Poland, thus marking the beginning of World War II.

Almost immediately Britain and France declared war on Germany. Poland surrendered, but on May 10 Hitler moved west over the Netherlands and smashed through the French army. In June he celebrated his victory in Paris, avenging the Treaty of Versailles.

In May of 1940 Hitler surprised the British and French by making an end run around the Maginot Line and into the Ardennes Forest. He raced up the coast near Dunkirk, and his enemies were halted by the sea. The delay gave the British time to save their army, but France surrendered.

Hitler's next conquest was to be the invasion of England. In the Battle of Berlin, the first battle fought only in the skies, the German airmen outnumbered the British. This battle aroused Winston Churchill, a new English leader. Londoners braved the airborne blitz with courage and the loss of 30,000 men before the raids ceased in 1941, but for the first time the *Fuehrer* had lost a battle.

D-DAY

On June 6, 1944, D-Day, the Allies invaded Europe. How well do I remember D-Day! My husband, in the AGD of the Air Force, was on the shores of England just waiting to follow our troops into Europe. "THE MAIL MUST GO THROUGH." I worked at Boeing's in Seattle building B17's, and when I turned on the radio for the morning news I got the full blast of the invasion. I rushed up to the garage apartment and awakened the couple with whom I rode to work each day. "Wake up; turn on your radio. IT'S D-DAY!" There was so much excitement at work that day, and we got reports throughout the day of the progress.

Hitler's army of seven million men dominated an empire which reached 1300 miles from the Atlantic to the Dnieper. In the largest amphibious landing ever attempted, Operation Overlord, the Allies launched the offensive that would doom Hitler's Reich.

Gen. Dwight D. Eisenhower led the invasion which began on the night of June 5, 1944, as planes carrying 24,000 paratroopers left England. At 6:30 the next morning, the sea off the German-held coast of Normandy suddenly appeared full of ships - 5000 vessels of every variety, and an attack force of 154,000 men. Though the casualties were great (10,000 men), the Allies managed to secure a toehold on the beach. Eleven months later Berlin would be reduced to ruins; Hitler would commit suicide; and the concentration camps would be opened to the world.

THE CONCENTRATION CAMPS

We all have heard the bitter details of the concentration camps behind walls, barbed wire coils and guarded fences. Hitler had them prepared for the Jews. Why he hated the Jews so violently is hard to understand. Perhaps it was an act of defiance because they were God's chosen people. (Or did he even know that?)

For a full account of life, persecution, suffering and death in the camps, read the books by Corrie-Ten Boom who lived through the horror. She even forgave one of the guards who persecuted her. She lost her whole family because of Hitler. To read about it is to wonder how an intelligent and independent people could be dominated by such a creature. Many of them even adored him.

Today some of the ruins of the concentration camps remain as a reminder of Hitler's capers. The remains of thousands of Jews - men, women and children - are buried in their trenches. There are also many heirs still trying to recover money taken from their relatives and deposited in scattered banks. How tragic!

The Third Reich, which was to last 1000 years, came to an end. Hitler's total war was ending in defeat, but, look at the gloom of destruction, death and sorrow which also remained to speak loudly of the ravages of War.

THE WALL IS BUILT

The clanging of steel on the dark streets of East Berlin frightened the people as they peeked out to see military convoys of jeeps, trucks and buses loaded with East German soldiers stretching for blocks. Following them were tanks - Russian-built T-34's and T-54's. At each intersection a platoon peeled off and ground to a halt. Those remaining platoons headed on for the border, a 25-mile frontier that cut through the heart of Berlin. Cargo trucks were already unloading stone blocks, rolls of barbed wire, picks and shovels.

When dawn came four hours later, a wall divided East Berlin from West Berlin. It was a symbol of cold war, and it spoke loudly of the failure of East Germany's communistic system. It seemed to say that the people of East Berlin could only be kept there by guards with bullets, bayonets and barricades.

The German people could not understand why the wall was built. Wasn't the war over? Why were they being treated thus?

Have you so soon forgotten how you embraced Hitler, his ideas and his leadership? What about the concentration camps with high fences of barbed wire, guards, guns, and deadly gas used on the Jews just a few months ago? Have you really forgotten these things?

Just a reminder:
Germany built a wall 12 feet high around the Jews (seed of Abraham), electrified it, fortified it, mounted machine guns atop it, and even had watch dogs to patrol it.

Then:
The Berlin Wall was built of stone 12 feet high, electrified, fortified, guarded, mounted with machine guns, and patrolled by dogs.

And, you ask:
"Why was this done to us?"

Because:
That's exactly what you did to God's people, the Jews, during the Holocaust! PAYDAY SOMEDAY.

This wall stood for 28 years as a symbol of communism, the division of Europe, the division of the world, and a reminder of another, a freer life.

The Berlin Wall, that hideous 28-mile long scar through the heart of one of Europe's capital cities, is now gone.

The East Germans began streaming into West Berlin by the thousands through Hungary, and the people grew bolder as the new government relaxed travel restrictions. At the stroke of midnight on November 9, 1989, thousands gathered on both sides of the wall and, with a great roar, started going through it. They brought out hammers to whack away souvinirs, and "the Wall came tumbling down" in rapid order. So did the East German government's Cabinet and the Communist Party Politburo.

People from all over the world flocked to Berlin for a piece of the Wall for souvinirs. Someone sent President Reagan a large boulder, and he took it to California.

My nephew Mike Leary, who is with Campus Crusade for Christ in New York and the United Nations, was sent with a Christian Embassy team for a week in Germany to visit with our colleagues in Bonn. It was his wife's first visit overseas, but Mike had spent four years in Germany as a child. (At one time he could speak German better than anyone else in the family, but he has forgotten most of it.) He saw the wall just after it was built and was overwhelmed by the oppression and injustice. "Twenty-five years later the Lord, Gorbachev and the blows of my hammer helped to tear it down."

There are other walls that need to come down, but many are unseen walls that only God and prayer can remove.

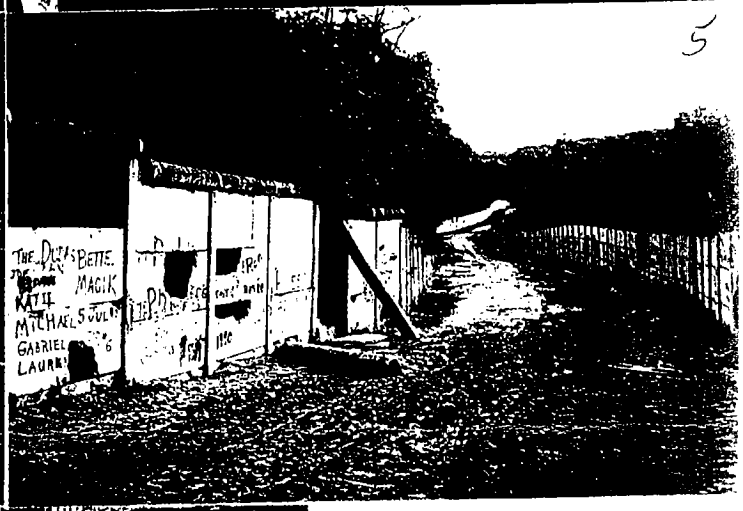
Mike had pictures made as he hammered away for pieces of the wall to bring home, and I have one which shows him in action at the wall. So, I, too, have a piece of the wall, a reminder of the ruins of war.

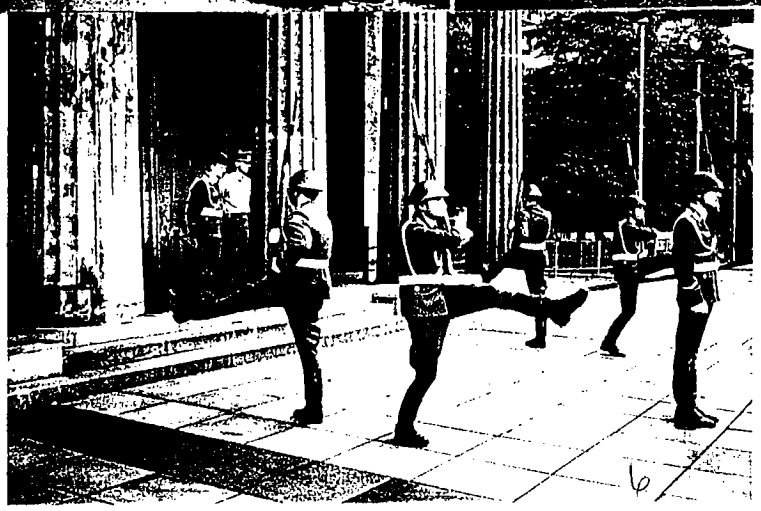
The wall is gone, but the scars of war remain. Our sin is ever before us, LEST WE FORGET.

1) Christian Embassy Staff (Bonn and New York)

2) Rhine River Cruise (Kaffee und Kuchen)

3) Mike & Gay Ann with a German diplomat



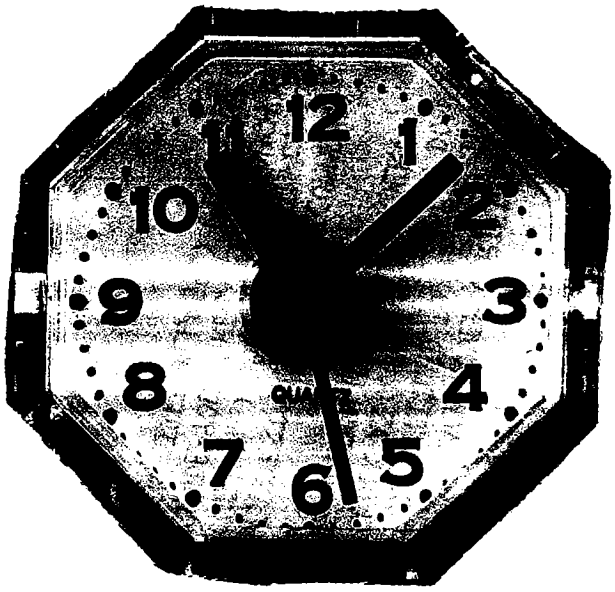


4) Doing my part to take down the wall

5) "No-man's land" No more !

6) East German military: changing of the guard Tomb of the Unknown soldier

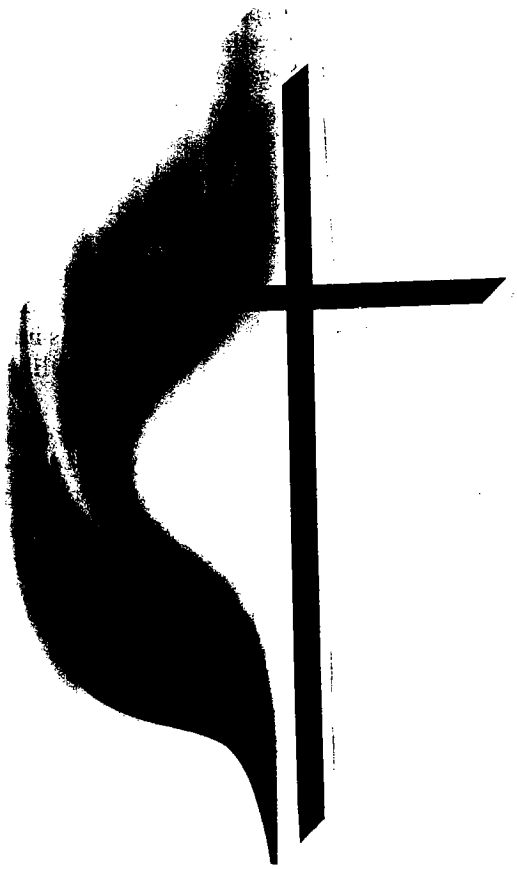
Germany
Nov 1990



TIME and ETERNITY

by

Nannie W. Beall



TIME and ETERNITY

Time

T - I - M - E ! Only a four letter word, time is a commodity or an element of convenient wealth, freely given to each of us to use as we see fit, and with no questions asked.

When was time given? Where did it come from? How long will it last? These are questions that have been asked over and over, yet we still ponder them at times in our minds.

Time was given to us when God said, "Let there be light."

There was darkness upon the face of the earth, and when God said, "Let there be light," He divided the light from the darkness. That gave us both day and night.

"And God said, Let there be light: and there was light. And God saw the light, that it was good: and God divided the light from the darkness. And God called the light Day, and the darkness he called Night. And the evening and the morning were the first day."

(Genesis 1: 3 - 5)

Daytime and nighttime, and that was the beginning of time. It shall last until God says, "Time is no more."

How is time used? It is to be used wisely, and we should be gracious enough to the Giver to give some of our time to His work.

The dictionary defines time as "a continuous or successive existence capable of division into measurable portions as past, present, and future; duration with reference to the world and all finite existence, as distinguished from eternity to infinity." (Dictionary)

In all there are more than ninety definitions of time; there are 24 time zones, twelve east and twelve west of 0-degrees longitude, Greenwich.

This gives us a very small insight into the meaning of this one little four-letter word.

Time affects each and every one of us from waking in the morning until we go to sleep at night. Time to get up.....time to go to work.....time to clock in or clock out.....time to shop.....time to pick up a child at school.....time to read the paper or time to watch a favorite television show. All these activities take place within the parameters of, but with little regard to that little four-letter word that silently and constantly rules our lives.

Time is often preceded by other words which fine-tune the meaning, such as ahead of time, behind time, some time, no time, out of time, in the nick of time, in time, one time, and many more.

We do not realize how involved with this little word our lives really are. It never gets in our way, and we may either use it or ignore it until it catches up with us. Then we may have to hurry, because time flies.

Then there are these terms: time on, time off, timecard, time-out, timesaver, timepiece, and time zone. This last term, time zone, refers to each of the 24 fifteen-degree sections (with time intervals of one hour) into which the earth is divided for reckoning our standard time from the Prime Meridian of Greenwich. This arrangement makes it possible for us to know the time in other parts of our country and our world. For instance, we know that time on the east coast is three hours ahead of time in California.

Time Has Value.

The value of time is gauged by the need of the hour. Our days are divided into 24 hours, twelve hours day and twelve hours night. Our pay scale is usually based on an eight-hour day with a certain rate per hour. I remember that at one time 50 cents a day was paid as wages, and later 50 cents per hour was good pay. Pay was usually a bit more for the late hours, eleven P.M. to seven A.M. night work. Then wages were raised to $1.00 per day. Work was often rated. Some employees worked side by side and were paid different wages for the same time, either because of the type of work involved or seniority.

Time has changed all that for the better. Now a yardboy works by the hour, and with summer jobs he may earn enough to tide him over while in school.

The woman who does housecleaning by the hour and gets paid a scale wage is paid more than many were paid for a full day years ago.

How Should Time Be Spent?

Remember where time had its start and who is responsible for it. To have a grateful heart and to do what is right, some of this time should be designated as "God's time."

Since a tenth of our earnings is supposed to be a fair amount for each of us to give (plus a love offering) to God, then we should honor God by giving Him a part of our time - time for Bible study, time for reading the scriptures, time for church attendance, time for listening to televised worship services, especially for shut-ins.

The Fullness of Time

There is much said about time in the Bible, especially of the fullness of time and what God was doing for us then and continues to do even now.

"But when the fullness of time was come, God sent his son made of a woman, made under the law. To redeem them that were under the law that we might receive the adoption of sons." (Galations 4: 4 - 5)

"That in the dispensation of the fullness of time he might gather together in one all things in Christ, both which are in heaven and which are on earth; even in him." (Ephesians 1:10)

There is a reward for those who spend their God-given time pleasing Him. Heaven is a much better place than this beautiful world that He created for us who are made in His image. He has no place for laziness.

"He that is slothful in his work is brother to him that is a great waster." (Proverbs 18: 9)

"I went by the field of the slothful and by the vineyard of the man void of understanding. And, lo, it was grown over with thorns, and nettles had covered the face thereof, and the stone wall was broken down." (Proverbs 24: 30 - 31)

Even the creeping things such as ants obey the laws of nature and have regard for time. "Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways and be wise. Which having no guide, overseer or ruler provideth her meat in the summer and gathereth her food in the harvest." (Proverbs 6: 6 - 8)

God never wastes time and does not tolerate laziness. He expects us to be busy about our Father's vineyard. This world is our vineyard, and it was made perfect for man until Adam and Eve sinned and were driven from the Garden of Eden. Now we have the thorns and thistles to contend with, and if we are too lazy to keep busy about our Father's business (work), we are penalized with poverty.

Redeem The Time

Redeem: To regain possession of by paying a price; pay off; fulfill; to make amends.
(Dictionary)

God has granted wisdom and knowledge to each of us who are not too lazy to grasp it and use it wisely. Many of man's faults are from laziness of both mind and body.

Time is here for us if we will only make use of it. Heaven or hell?

"Walk in wisdom toward them that are without, redeeming the time." (Colossians 4: 5)

Don't put things off to do tomorrow, for we have no promise of a tomorrow. Time may be short for some; get up and get busy. Time flies!

"Whereas ye know not what shall be on the morrow. For what is your life? It is even a vapor that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away." (James 4: 14)

Man has an inquiring mind, and there are many scriptural references to the many questions which the disciples asked Jesus about the end of time and when it should come.

Time was God-given and will end only when God says, "Time shall be no more." When that will be, we have no idea, but for each of us, we have only an allotted span of time here on earth, and then the end comes to each of us.

What Then? Eternal Life/Eternity

Eternal: Existing without beginning or end; no beginning; no end.

Eternity: Endless duration following death.

(Dictionary)

When we reach our journey's end, time is no more for each of us. This is our "eternal destination," and we will have made our choice of WHERE while we had "plenty of time."

The place chosen for our destination is one of our own choosing for eternity. It can be heaven or it will be hell. Each place has no beginning or end. Each is eternal; there is no exit.

Often there is no warning - out of time/into eternity. The end may come as the result of a car wreck, a gunshot, or a stroke. Who can tell? And, there is no second chance once the life is snuffed out.

There are many who have been at death's door, stared death in the face, or even quit breathing, only to be brought back from the brink by dedicated doctors and nurses who wouldn't give up. They perhaps had a glimpse of hell and its flames and are a living testimony to what one surely wants to avoid.

They are grateful for a second chance, but second chances are so few and far between. They have had a definite warning to take a better route. Hell is a downward road to avoid. Turn around, brother; turn around.

There is only one door. It is an entrance to either place, and it exists only for those who enter. It is one-way, and there are NO EXITS. Once there, it is forever and ever, with no end in sight. Do I make myself clear? I hope so!

> **"There was a certain rich man, which was clothed in purple and fine linen, and fared sumptuously every day:**
> **And there was a certain beggar named Lazarus, which was laid at his gate, full of sores,**
> **And desiring to be fed with the crumbs which fell from the rich man's table: more-over the dogs came and licked his sores.**
> **And it came to pass, that the beggar died, and was carried by the angels into Abraham's bosom: the rich man also died, and was buried;**
> **And in hell he lift up his eyes, being in torments, and seeth Abraham afar off, and Lazarus in his bosom.**
> **And he cried and said, Father Abraham, have mercy on me, and send Lazarus,**

that he may dip the tip of his finger in water, and cool my tongue; for I am tormented in this flame.
But Abraham said, Son, remember that thou in thy lifetime receivedst thy good things, and likewise Lazarus evil things: but now he is comforted, and thou art tormented.
And beside all this, between us and you there is a great gulf fixed: so that they which would pass from hence to you cannot; neither can they pass to us, that would come from thence.
Then he said, I pray thee therefore, father, that thou wouldest send him to my father's house:
For I have five brethren; that he may testify unto them, lest they also come into this place of torment.
Abraham saith unto him, They have Moses and the prophets; let them hear them.
And he said, Nay, father Abraham: but if one went unto them from the dead, they will repent.
And he said unto him, If they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded, though one rose from the dead."

(Luke 16: 19 - 31)

Remember. There is a time to remember the past life and those left behind, as the "rich man" was doing. But he was too late. He is still there and still remembering. He has plenty of time now to think and remember, but has not a single drop of water for his thirst. He was rich on earth, but a beggar in hell. He had a message for his brothers, but he could not deliver it. His message is for you and for me; we must take time now to prepare for eternity.

Eternity is a time for remembering, but it is too late to make preparations.

Take Time

There are some important things that we all try to "take time" to do. We take time to eat, to sleep and to do many things of less importance. What we must "take time" to do is to prepare for eternity in heaven with God the Father, God the Son, God the Holy Spirit, all the angels, and not the least of these - all our friends and loved ones.

Just think. Jesus Himself is going to prepare the wedding supper, and we are all invited. Not only that, but He is going to bring us all back to this beautiful earth, now without the marks of sin, to dwell for one thousand years. But, Heaven will be for all eternity. No more time, no more days, no more nights.

While we remain here, our lives are more enjoyable if we have prepared for eternity, but we can also influence others to go with us for added blessing to us.

Take time now, and take someone with you. Time flies; use it wisely, and you will be blessed.

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TIME

If you had a bank that credited your account each morning with $86,400 that carried over no balance from day to day and allowed you to keep no cash in your account, and every evening cancelled whatever part of the amount you had failed to use during the day. What would you do? Draw out every cent, of course! Well you have such a bank and it's name is Time. Every morning it credits you with 86,400 seconds. Every night it rules off as lost, whatever of this you have failed to invest to good purpose. It carries over no balance. It allows no overdrafts. Each day it opens a new account with you. Each night it burns the records of the day. If you fail to use the day's deposit, the loss is yours. There is no going back. There is no drawing against the "tomorrow". You must live in the present, on todays deposit. Invest so as to get from it the utmost in health, happiness, and success.

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NEWS CLIPPING AND PICTURES
(add additional pages if needed)

Nannie Elizabeth Warren Beall
Retired school teacher

Services for Nannie Elizabeth Warren Beall will be held Wednesday at 10 a.m. at Stephens Funeral Home Chapel with the Revs. Wayne Crenshaw, Mike Leary and Don Tice officiating. Burial will be in Mt. Pleasant Methodist Church Cemetery in Kemper County.

Mrs. Beall, 98, of Meridian, died Sunday, April 4, 2004, at The Specialty Hospital of Meridian. She was a member of the Magnolia Club and The Garden Study Club.

Survivors include her sisters, Juanita Goodbread of Tampa, Fla., Omera Dodson of West Point, Sue Leary of Hampton, Va., and Jean Morton of Hueytown, Ala.; a brother, Otis Warren of Meridian; and several nieces and nephews.

Pallbearers will be Bubba James, Tony James, Eric James, Bobby Edwards, M.L. Warren, Scott Warren and Donald James.

Visitation will be Wednesday one hour prior to the service at the funeral home.